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adequate. The narrative at this point is outspoken, but its tone is never peevish. Indeed it is remarkable how little of the bitterness of controversy or the roughness of saw-edged sarcasm there is in any part of Mr. Clark's book. The most telling sentence in the whole work occurs not in the story of the convention, but at the end of the last chapter, where, in relation to a newspaper story that he had gone to Trenton to fight Bryan's appointment to the Cabinet, he writes: "The man who wrote that did not have sense enough to know that the Speakership of the House of Representatives is a much bigger place than is any Cabinet position, and he was not well enough acquainted with me to know that I would not accept all ten Cabinet portfolios rolled into one, for I would not be a clerk for any man."

It is not too much to say that many a man who heaved a sigh of relief when Mr. Clark lost the Democratic Presidential nomination in Baltimore would have been glad to vote for him if he could have known the Clark self-portrayed and self-expressed in these volumes.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By Edward J. Dillon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Most books upon international politics, upon treaties and diplomatic negotiations, are, like the books of war correspondents, confusing to the general reader. The carefully guarded generalities, the multifarious details, the epigrammatic comments, taken altogether are frequently less than illuminating. Dr. Dillon's book is based upon better and fuller information and is more lucid in statement than are most works of the kind. If its somewhat journalistic and semi-methodical treatment of topics seems designed rather to influence than to instruct opinion, one has to remember that such subject-matter as the author has to deal with scarcely admits of so simple and clear-cut a presentation as was seen, for example, in Mr. James M. Beck's *The Evidence in the Case*; for historic perspective, we must wait. But by virtue of his inside knowledge, his ruthless uncovering of weaknesses, his keenness in criticism, he well deserves to be called the Junius of the Peace Conference.

The plenipotentiaries who at Paris shaped, or attempted to shape, the destinies of Europe seem to have been curiously unfitted for the task. Each was obsessed by his own political problems. "M. Clemenceau made France the hub of the universe. Mr. Lloyd George harbored schemes which naturally identified the welfare of mankind with the hegemony of the English-speaking races. Signor Orlando was inspired by the 'sacred egotism' which had actuated all Italian Cabinets since Italy entered the war. President Wilson was burning to associate his name and also that of his country with the vastest and noblest enterprise inscribed in the annals of history." They were ignorant of the conditions surrounding the problems they attempted to solve. "The President and the Premiers, though specialists in nothing, had to act as specialists in everything." They had little recourse to men possessed of special information. Commissions were appointed to investigate and report upon special problems, and then their reports were either ignored or rejected. The heads of the

Conference wasted months in informal conversations, of which no minutes were kept, avoiding important issues, and then improvised hasty solutions. Meanwhile, the world in general and the delegates of the smaller states in particular were kept in the dark by a strict censorship. These men "raised procrastination to the level of a theory." They were at the same time secret and inept. "How ingrained in the plenipotentiaries was what, for want of a better word, may be termed their proneness to conspirative and circuitous action may be inferred from the record of their official and unofficial conversations and acts. When holding converse with Kolchak's authorized agents in Paris, they would lay down hard conditions, which they described as immutable; and yet when communicating with the Admiral direct they would submit to him terms considerably less irksome, unknown to his Paris advisers, thus mystifying both and occasioning friction between them." But then history and Kolchak shared the same fate; both were ignored.

In all this, the principal charge made against President Wilson, that Puritanically obstinate defender of idealism, is pusillanimity. Surely Junius himself could not have framed an indictment with a nicer touch. Of its truth the reader can best judge for himself; but it seems clear that idealism must be of all things consistent. "It is my belief," writes Dr. Dillon, "that if Mr. Wilson had persisted in making his League project the cornerstone of the new world structure and in applying his principles without favor, the Italians would have accepted it almost without discussion, and the other states would have followed their example."

Whether the impartial application of such principle was under the circumstances feasible, is perhaps a debatable question. President Wilson was compelled to yield to Great Britain on the subject of the freedom of the seas and some other chiefly British questions; he was constrained to give France nearly all that she wanted in the way of guarantees, including the Saar Valley. In spite of the Fourteen Points, Japan had her way in Asia. Italy could be forced to yield only because of her economic dependence upon Great Britain and the United States. Some of the smaller states, who were otherwise situated, proved singularly unamenable.

The nationalistic attitudes of France and Great Britain, once those Powers were measurably satisfied, had the effect of placing the other nations to a great extent in the hands of President Wilson. "At the Conference . . . the President of the United States possessed what was practically a veto on nearly all matters that left the vital interests of Britain and France intact. And he frequently exercised it. Thus, the dispute about the Thracian settlement lay not between Bulgaria and Greece, nor between Greece and the Supreme Council, but between Greece and Mr. Wilson. In quarrel over Fiume and the Dalmatian coast it was the same. When the Shantung question came up for settlement, it was Mr. Wilson who dealt with it, his colleagues, though bound by their promises to support Japan, having made him their mouthpiece. . . . The rigor he displayed in dealing with some of the smaller countries was in inverse ratio to the indulgence he practised toward the Great Powers."

It can hardly be denied that the smaller nations came off badly at the Conference, and that their disgust greatly tended to undermine that public confidence in the League which is essential to its support. The delegates of these smaller countries complained, with much color of reason, of "Conferential Tsarism." They were told in so many words that the decision of all important questions lay with the states that had the most soldiers. Belgium was somewhat shabbily treated, Roumania was offended and made recalcitrant, Poland was trifled with. Other small states were ignored. Shall we take the behavior of the Conference as a measure of what the League will do? Why not?

And what has been the net result? Dr. Dillon's reply to this question sums up in concentrated bitterness the force of five hundred pages of narrative and analysis: "Whatever the tests one applies to the work of the Conference—ethical, social, or political—they reveal it as a factor eminently calculated to sap high interests, to weaken the moral nerve of the present generation, to fan the flames of national and racial hatred, to dig an abyss between the classes and the masses, and to throw open the sluice-gates to the inrush of anarchist internationalities."

In all literature only a few have ever attacked an institution or a political course of action more subtly, more energetically, or more effectively than has Dr. Dillon in his inside story of the Conference.

WALT WHITMAN: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Leon Bazalgette. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

American appreciation of Whitman has always been helped by foreign appreciation, and even now the time is not past when Americans need arousing, and may be aroused, to a larger recognition of Whitman's significance. While one would not think of the poet of *Leaves of Grass* as especially akin to the French genius, the excellent work done in English literature by French scholars in recent years leads one to hope for much in M. Bazalgette's book.

So far as the setting and atmosphere are concerned, M. Bazalgette's account of Whitman might have been written by an American brought up in the neighborhood of Brooklyn. There is hardly a false—by which one means in this case an un-American—accent in the whole work. An old friend of Whitman's might have written it, so thoroughly has the author steeped himself in his subject, so perfectly has he caught not merely the spirit of Whitman but the intimate quality of his surroundings. And if an imaginative description of Long Island, written somewhat after the fashion of Taine—"region of winds and waves. region rude and little attractive, impress of a splendid desolation"—sounds a little queerly to American ears, the fault is no doubt quite as much with our too-familiarized imaginations as with the author's art. It would be difficult to find another passage in the whole book that in the least disturbs our native feeling as to the things that we know most about. Well informed, and adjusted to all the aspects of his subject, M. Bazalgette has written what is in all points as good a short life of Whitman as a reasonable person could wish for.